

the air of thought is the dispersion from these mingling voices of wind and sea! They can not the very soul to hear! They are in the very soul to hear! They call forth to the portals! They have a voice for her, which no vulgar mind can comprehend; and they speak to our higher, and deeper, and braver nature, as so many witnesses waiting on the Eternal.

#### VII.

The stars, all but one, have fled. This is Lucifer, the Light Bearer, who still lingers at the porches of the day—he, the last torch bearer of the night—he, the Bringer-in of the Dawn—the one glorious watcher over the two mingling, yet divided worlds, of day and night! And now, he too goes upon his way, with his torch inverted. He feels the approach of the mightier Presence, in whose intenser fires his own bright, clear gleam must pale! In the East, lo! the arrayed shafts that break through the grey vapors; shut up in sheaves of orange and crimson, that part, even as they rise, and radiate, with ecstatic charm, over the whole meek face of Heaven!

#### IX.

Very sweet and winning is this faint glance; very pure and delicious the first breathing of the dawn; rising so gradual over these grey islets and little dunes, and the billowy waters that wind around and wrap them all in affectionate embrace. The harbor spreads away till the beetling cliffs rise into sight under the gilding fringes of the sun. The great pines wave solemnly their green plumage, marshalled all in carried lines, confronting the sea, as if arrayed against a coming enemy. Yonder, yon! see, a tiny boat, with timber square sail, in motion, setting forth, on modest expedition, for some shining islet, whose sands are glowing into brilliants in the smiles of the sun. Doubtless that little wayfarer is aed forward under as fond an impulse, and with as proud a hope as ever sped the vessels of Gama or Columbus, searching for unknown empires in Utopia or Cathay.

Such is life! While the great argosies lie looking idly in the harbor, there is a glad boy already busied, launching his little model from the docks, and dreaming of the lovely earg of fairy shells, which he will harvest on the opposite shores of Etiwaa or Kiawah—harvest only to cast away, just so soon as the expanding vision shall yield him a prospect of remoter shores, and a longer voyage, to the golden fruitland of the Cuban, or appeal to his more passionate appetites from the Gulf of California!

#### X.

The beguiling hum and murmur of the day—the growing forms and images, gradually beginning to grow in the sunlight, come not to the senses singly. The breezes bring odors on their wings. They have rilled the city gardens. The Zephyr has slept all night in bowers of the rose, the lemon, the orange, and, awakened by the dawn, he breaks away, with wings all heavy with his spoils. And he brings to

me the sweet first fruit from the garden of wealth and beauty. Profligate, like a thief, he wastes the fruits of his felonies;—and I drink them in gratefully, for very sweet are they, like the whispers of the beloved, or, more fresh by the cool kisses of the dawn. High walls neither shut out nor filter the wings of these liberal breezes; and even the exile from Eden, when he turns back, looking sadly on the Paradise he has lost, is still followed by the generous Zephyr, and, throwing wide his bosom, he feels the airs and odors of his lost inheritance, bringing to his heart the solace which still teaches him to hope!

#### XI.

I sit beside my lattice in a sweet mood of thought; and, in my fancies, I behold the great procession of glad creatures, starting up, and setting forward, on their various march, at the summons of the day. What kindling hopes animate their bosoms, and fling out virgin banners before their eyes, steeped in colors of the rainbow! What proud exulting thoughts and brave energies put on armor for the conflict! What fiery passions strip to the race, even as the young man strips, without fear or shame, and plunges headlong to the struggle with the wavel

#### XII.

In the dreamy silence of the earth—in the grey void which still occupies the heavens, though the bright shafts of the sun are shooting upward through the air—in the tomb-like silence of the still slumbering city—the sweet voices of heart and fancy become audible; and the song which they make, together, is one of a rejoicing, which is full of golden promise. And happy, that there is still hope, even though there be no voice of rejoicing! Thus, there should be a music in the heart for humanity, even though the cloud, threatening storm and torrent, still overhangs the city.

#### XIII.

But the Hope kneels even within the cloud, and emerges from its shadow, even as the dawn darts upward, emerging from the night. Now are the grey highways of heaven dappled with light forms, that spread their wings and rush onward like a squadron of horse, bright in armor, and with eager charges, disperses the sullen and reluctant vapors. They clear the way for the advance of the embattled Sun; and he comes;—the feet of his fiery couriers beating up the fiery tracks, while bathing them with hues of molten gold, and glowing orange, and purple from his Eastern rooms; even as the generous conqueror flings his most precious robes over the wounds of the captive, whom it is yet his province to subdue!

#### XIV.

The conquest of light over darkness is a gladness ever more! So the heavens and the earth rejoice in the presence of the day. So the sullen ocean looks upward, and puts on a smile, as he feels the march of his conqueror, the sun! And lo! where our two rivers of Kiawah and Etiwaa—this sired by the red man—leap up and start forward

upon their mutual race, turning the great meadows with impetuous waters, and rushing, with an audible song, to their twin embraces with the deep! And the city rises with a hum of activity, and the multitude leaps up, and you hear the clink of the hammer, and the clang of the weapon; for there is work—and there is war; and to meet these there is manhood! And, methinks, I hear a voice from heaven—soft as a child's whisper, which says to me—and my heart grows assured—and should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and the left!

#### XV.

My own old city! Be strong—he hopes! Go forth with the sun! Do the work of strength and valor! Unfold the properties of virtue in thy gift. Let thy sons arm them, each according to his endowment, for the fight; for the toil; for the race; for the enterprise; for the conquest over wind and sea; over rock and desert; for the due use and employment of all created objects, and for the use of that which is in thy own soul. Let us forth together, my brethren, while the sun is yet struggling up his height, and let us take our places in his eye, on such grand eminences as shall yield us the prospect of that wide empire which is confided to the keeping of thy people.

Let us begin a new race, for that long lay of empire which shall yet begin for thee in glory!

#### XVI.

Lo! I sing thee a new song, which should teach thee the virtues in thy gift, and fill thee with that faith in thy mission which shall leave none of thy possessions unexplored; which shall give thee seas to thy keel, the mountain to thy wing, the rock to thy shaft, the forest to thy axe, all used to thy honor, and all created blessings to thy love! If thou hast erred, like Nineveh, and if thy vine hath sometimes withered beneath the tooth of the worm, thy God hath saved thy thousands from the yoke, and thyself from the sea of fire and the furrow of salt. Let us sing a glad song, as thy sons go forth with me, for, verily, this is the dawning of a new day for thee and mine.

W. G. S.

#### Notice.

IN pursuance of the authority vested in me by Section 3 Article II of the Constitution of the Episcopal Church in this Diocese, I hereby change the place of the meeting of the next Diocesan Council from the city of Columbia to Camden; and the time from the 10th to the 24th of May next. The Council will, therefore, be held in Grace Church, Camden, on the 14th of May. The necessities or these changes are so obvious that they need not be stated, and I earnestly request the attendance of the members of the Council. THOMAS F. DAVIS,

Bishop of the Diocese of S. C.

The attention of the Clergy and Parishes of the Diocese is called to the above, and that they may fail to receive the usual notification is requested to consider it: Kennerhook

J. D. McODLLOUGH,

Secretary of Council.

April 15